

# MISSING LINKS

IN

## SCOTLAND'S CHARITIES

AND

HOW THE CHAIN MAY BE REPAIRED.

A PAPER WRITTEN TO FURTHER THE INTERESTS OF BROOMHILL  
HOME, KIRKINTILLOCH, AND THE DUNOON  
CONVALESCENT HOMES.

BY

BEATRICE CLUGSTON.

GLASGOW :  
DAVID BRYCE AND SON,  
129 BUCHANAN STREET,

1880.

c



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE—Miss Clugston's Letter, - - - - -	5
Miss Florence Nightingale's Letter, " " - -	8
Putney Home, Melrose Hall, - - - - -	12
The British Home for Incurables, Clapham, - - - -	17
Broomhill Home, - - - - -	18
Brompton Hospital for Consumption, - - - - -	19
Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, - - - - -	23
London City Mission Seaside Home, - - - - -	27
The National Sanatorium, Bournemouth, - - - - -	29
National Hospital for the Epileptic, - - - - -	31
The Cancer Hospital.—The Westminster Ward, - - - -	33
Convalescent Homes, - - - - -	34
Brighton Convalescent Homes, - - - - -	35
Bognor Convalescent Homes, - - - - -	35
Walton on the Thames, - - - - -	36
Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary, - - - - -	37

N.B.—Directions as to the arrangement of district Tables will be found at the end of the pamphlet. The special attention of all interested in the scheme is directed to these Rules.



## P R E F A C E.

DEAR READER,

The title of my paper, and the object for which it is written, may at first sight seem to be so far apart that it will need some little explanation to show what induced me to select as the title "Missing Links."

In reading of any great work of Christian philanthropy being crowned with success, I have ever found that the central spring, the leading spirit, the honoured instrument, has not only been taught of God by the usual discipline of His Providence, but has, if I may so express it, fructified, ripened under the life-giving power of a gospel ministry.

In sitting as a hearer in Regent Square Church, London, on a recent Sabbath evening, I noticed on the walls many tablets erected to the memory of earnest ministers and devout hearers who had worshipped there, and are now in the Sanctuary above. And I missed a face among the worshippers which had much impressed me on a former visit to that church, with all its hallowed memories of men who have made it a resort for all Scotch visitors to the great metropolis.

On finding that Mrs. Ranyard was the person whose countenance had so attracted me, and that she also was now among the glorified, I realised the truth stated at the opening of my paper and understood how, after hearing the good Dr. James Hamilton on the Lord's day exhorting

his hearers to Life in Earnest, she went forth to the labours of the Bible mission in London greatly strengthened; and how her experience was similar when, after this dear pastor had been removed, she had the privilege of the living ministry of him who now has the care of that flock.

I am convinced that her work would never have been so blessed had it not been for the precious soul-nourishing instructions of the Lord's day. Do not imagine I am going to turn my paper on hospitals into a sermon; nothing is farther from my thoughts, but I wish at the outset to make it clear that in all work that is to prosper, the Word and its guiding influence by the power of the Spirit is the only lever by which to move human hearts to deeds of charity and works of love, and therefore I call my paper "Missing Links" in remembrance of one who found the spreading of Gospel truth the missing link in London's charities. I hope before I close to prove that there are many missing links in Scotland's charities, and that loving hearts and willing hands can repair the chain.

Only a few sentences more by way of preface, and then I proceed to fulfil my promise, to describe hospitals and homes which I have recently visited.

Sometimes a negative statement confirms a matter more than a long dissertation in the affirmative.

Now, I wish it distinctly to be understood that there are four things which I did not go to see, or rather four objects which had no place in my thoughts—

1st—I did not go to see how medical men in London were treating human sorrow, or what new remedies and appliances were being used. As to these points I presume that in Glasgow and throughout Scotland we have medical men who have as much skill as any of the English practitioners, and largely as my entire sympathies are given to

human sorrow and its mitigation, I have ever desired to do only the woman's part in the households of suffering, leaving the stronger sex to fill their important part, as their firmer nerves and broader faculties enable them.

2nd—Another thing which I did not go to see was how Boards of Management conduct London charities, nor how matrons, superintendents, and other officials fulfil their respective duties.

Each charity in its own country, and each official in his own province has special hindrances and special advantages, and as there is no royal road to learning, there is, I am persuaded, no method for the conducting of Christian charities but the grace of God guiding those in charge, either as directors or officials, in the fulfilment of their responsible duties; so that, in the describing of London and its hospitals, I do not intend any observations I may make as animadversions on existing institutions, but hope, by depicting the great things that noble hearts and thoughtful minds have done for London and its sorrowing thousands, to move the people of Scotland to go and do likewise.

3rd—A third thing which I did not go so far to see was a sick man or a dying woman. These alas! are no rare spectacles—and distance lends no enchantment to the bridgeless river. There is no getting into the gates of Heaven save by Jordan. But I did find in England what I have never seen in Scotland—homes, quiet resting-places provided for the dying; and I hope yet to see the day when, instead of the dying being dismissed from our hospitals, and hurried to their poor homes, to keep down death rates and further burden poor relatives, they will be taken to this and the other sweet home provided for them by loving hearts who will be moved to provide this missing link,

and give the dying a sweet impression of earth as they pass to Heaven.

4th—With one other statement I close my preface. I did not go to London for a five weeks' tour for pleasure, in the common acceptation of that term. So much did I desire to make it conscientiously a voyage of discovery of mitigations for human sorrow, that I did not, except on the Lord's day, take any rest, and then only to be stirred up to greater efforts by the good messages of the great preachers.

I trust that the description of the homes at present existing in England, and of my plans regarding Broomhill and Dunoon, may move the readers of my paper to lend a helping hand in the way and to the extent to which God enables them.

I subjoin a portion of a letter just received from the highest authority in the land on caring for the sick. Although not written for the public, I am certain it will be appreciated by them.

I am, Dear Reader,

Your fellow-labourer in the cause of human sorrow,

BEATRICE CLUGSTON.

NORTHWOOD, LENZIE, 15<sup>th</sup> June, 1880.

---

MISS CLUGSTON.

DEAR MADAM,—

You will have known by my silence that I was out of London, but you cannot know how deep is my interest in your incurables and convalescents. This is the



turn, I trust, that, while not neglecting hospitals, the hospital movement will take. I am truly sorry that I shall not be in London while you are there, and therefore unable to see you, as you kindly propose.

I have not had one day's rest of body or mind for six years and more, ending 23 years of overwork and illness, and ended with my mother's death. And for the first year for 27 years, and for the second time since her death, I have had to leave for a little silence—rest I cannot hope for, since work follows me everywhere. I am like a broken vessel, how much so I scarcely knew till now. I was in London the month before you wrote to me, and, as you say you have been in London for a month, I must deeply regret not having seen you, if there were anything on which I could have been of the least service to you. Should you be in London again, please do me the favour of giving me, at least, a week's notice, as, when even I am there, I am always engaged, I am sorry to say, at least a week in advance.

I cannot say how I feel for incurables. I pray God to bless your efforts on their behalf. Not to mention that there are many so-called incurables *cured* by care, the transfer of cases which have to be discharged "incurable" from the well-appointed, well-nursed hospital to the ordinary workhouse infirmary is so cruel a change. But even these are excellent compared with some of the old London workhouse incurable wards, or with the ordinary country workhouse wards. Incurables require trained nursing. But it is difficult to me to write; and I will not take up your time, not knowing on what points you wished to do me the honour "to consult" me. I should have felt the keenest interest in hearing your conclusions on the "information" you have been collecting. To take conva-

lescents out of hospital, and give them the way to health and strength in this world ; to take incurables out of hospital, and give them the way to a better world, are surely two of the noblest objects of life.

May God prosper yours so nobly pursued, and pray believe me,

DEAR MADAM,

Ever your faithful Servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

April 20, 1880.

## Missing Links in Scotland's Charities and how the Chain may be Repaired.

IT is intended to hold a bazaar in the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, in March, 1881, for the two-fold purpose of extending the Home at Broomhill, and removing the debt from the Homes at Dunoon. £32,000 has been raised in Glasgow and the West by four former efforts of this kind.

The Homes at Lenzie, Dunoon, and Broomhill, and the hospital now getting up for sick children, are the tangible, visible proofs of the liberality of the people of Glasgow and the West when a good cause is put before them in a suitable way. And finding in the past that the depicting of England's Hospitals and Homes interested the community, I hope that my recent visit may be productive of greater results than my former efforts, and that I may live to see our charities greatly extended, and doors opened for the many weary ones who are yet outside the gates.

The special arrangements for the bazaar, and all other details, will be published in the daily papers, and communicated by circular to all taking part in the good work.

I think, instead of describing my visit in journal form, and giving the incidents as they daily occurred, it will be better to classify the charities visited under the five following heads:—

Homes for the Incurable.

Homes for the Consumptive.

Homes for the Epileptic.

Homes for those suffering from Cancer.

Homes for the Convalescent.

## PUTNEY HOME, MELROSE HALL.

Of course, in thinking of Incurable Homes in England, the mind's eye first of all turns to Putney ; but it has been so often described in writing, and so often visited, that little if anything remains untold. On arriving at the great Hall, one thinks of the noble of the land, who in former years alighted there, and, contrasting these with the present sufferers, wonders by what power it was so transformed. On entering the large drawing-room, two speaking likenesses tell their own tale. Dr. Andrew Reed was the first to care for poor incurables in England ; and although during his life this institution was a very small mustard seed, yet, in its fuller development at Putney, the Board of Management have not forgotten the great founder, and a splendid likeness of Dr. Reed adorns the best room in the house, with its *hundred apartments*. When God removes one of His children, He leaves the work to other hands, and a kind and Christian Treasurer was raised up to carry on this great work. I remember when I last visited Putney being impressed with the countless gifts in kind, not to speak of the ever watchful care bestowed by Mr. Huth on the poor incurables. Since that visit Mr. Huth has been called to his rest ; but his works do follow him—his memory is fragrant there ; and when, after evening prayers, the dear sufferers were retiring, I saw, as they passed out, the big tear rolling down when they looked at the beautiful picture of their dear friend. Gazing on the countenances of these two great benefactors, and unable to fathom that great mystery so wisely concealed by God—the union of the seen with the unseen worlds—I could not help feeling as the poetess has so sweetly described it :—

“ Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoe'er estate,  
 I have a fellowship with hearts  
 To keep and cultivate;  
 And a work of lowly love to do  
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

“In a service which thy love appoints  
 There are no bonds for me;  
 For my inmost heart is taught the truth  
 That makes thy children free;  
 And a life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty.”

Another saint of God has made Putney memorable by his kindly words and touching description of its wards. The name of Dr. Thomas Guthrie is like savoury ointment to many there. While his stalwart form has long since been mouldering clay, the poor, feeble lingerers there remember his words and cherish his memory. I was greatly interested in a poor man, paralysed and blind. I said, after renewing my friendship with him by a short interchange of thoughts, “Mr. Valantine, you remember what you said to Dr. Guthrie?” “Oh yes,” he replied, his whole face lighting up with emotion, “I told him never to go out of harness till he got a home for Scotland.”

The Master knows that those dear servants who have done much good service need rest, and so He takes them out of harness before we would think their work accomplished; but when poor blind Mr. Valantine drew me to him and kissed me as if I had been his daughter, I could not help being greatly comforted by his words—“He (Dr. G.) did not live to accomplish it, but you have, and you know we daily read of you, daily hear of you, and are ever praying for you.”

The kind Lady Superintendent was very courteous, and took me all over the house; and although we saw countless cases of interest, I shall only describe a few, and conclude with what I consider were the impressions received or lessons derived from the visit. While all were incurable, there were some who, in addition to the malady which entitled them to admission, had blindness added to their burden.

Alone in a quiet bedroom we found a blind sailor suffering from disease of the spine. After talking of the days when he mounted the rigging and did business on the great deep, he began to talk of another river to which he was



fast approaching, and through which he required to pass. I spoke to him of the refuge from the storm even in Jordan's billows, and while he was certain that Jesus would then say to him, "It is I, be not afraid," there seemed to be a burden he was to leave behind him that was greater cause of anxiety to him than the agonies of death. Oh! how I *did feel for him*, when with his sightless balls turned to me he said, with all the tenderness of a father, "My motherless boy—oh, ma'am, it's for him I'm concerned; and the ladies are very kind, they are trying to get him into an orphanage before I go hence."

Dear reader, when you think of an incurable sufferer either in an hospital or in a well-appointed home, will you remember that in addition to all their other burdens they have their ties to earth and their household bonds? It is only thus that you can *wisely* and *profitably* "consider the poor."

The next person I saw had also blindness added to other sorrows. She was a poor little deformed woman lying flat in her bed. She was also deaf and dumb, as well as blind. I noticed a kind fellow-patient sitting near, and speaking to her words of love, promises of everlasting truth, on her poor wasted hand. The patient told her it was the friend who had spoken kind words to her five years before. After this silent introduction the face lighted up, and she spelt the words for me, "I must give you a text." After some consideration she selected the one, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." I told her that the night before I had heard that same gracious promise urged on the 6,000 in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and that it was just as precious to her on her quiet bed as to that great assembly.

Reader, is your mind in perfect peace because it is stayed on God? If it is, do come and help poor, afflicted people in our land to a quiet haven like Putney, where they may rest on the promises till the day breaks.

The third case I mention was that of a blind, but cheerful old woman sitting in bed knitting what she called washing-cloths.

I made inquiries about her work, and then about her health, and how was I driven to silent wonder at the goodness of the Lord when she said, looking at me with a bright smile over her lips, for the eyes were not seen—

“Oh, His grace is wonderful. I have just been up in London getting both my eyes out, and I am so glad to be home again, and in my own bed.”

Entering another room we found three inmates, all sisters, suffering from affections of the spine. From the first two, who have been long ill and long there, I made several purchases of pretty work done for sale, and left orders for more for the Bazaar. The third taught me a lesson of perfect resignation not soon forgotten. Finding her lying in her bed with one eye closed and in great pain, I tried to comfort her by kind words. Speaking of the only source of comfort, she said, looking at me with that death gaze which one never forgets—

“Oh, if it were not for sustaining grace, would it not be past enduring?”

Is not faith the substance of things hoped for; does it not remove mountains?

I visited many other cases equally interesting with those described, and found some patients assembled in sitting rooms, and others lying in comfort in their neat bedrooms.

I noticed a neatly dressed invalid sitting in a couch looking rather sad, and neither reading nor working.

On conversing with her, I got confirmed in the lesson I have already tried to impress, that the outer world comes in to add to the incurable's burden.

Looking the very picture of deep sorrow, she said—“I'm not so well to-day. My brother is down stairs, and has been twenty-five years on his couch with paralysis. I have been twenty years ill; but what makes me rather worse to-day is this, its my sister's funeral day, and I was just trying to realise the glorious morning of the resurrection.” Time would fail to tell the things I tried to say, and I shall not now mention them, but I desire my readers to recollect that there are countless sufferers in Scotland with such burdens to bear.

On entering what they call their cancer rooms, I found that the patients I had formerly seen there had all gone home to the land of rest, and their places were filled up by others. What I witnessed there I shall not harrow your feelings by describing; suffice it to say I made a much afflicted fellow-pilgrim very glad by purchasing largely of her work, the product of a natural and artificial hand. Will any reader buy her work, or send orders for more, to help us to build a Cancer Home?

A poor invalid, afflicted with spinal disease, gave me such a precious message to my venerable mother that I quote it, as it may comfort some other aged saint as the valley seems near.

On asking her history, she said—"I hurt my back in tending and lifting my aged mother, and since she died I have lost my health and lost my father." On telling her that I greatly love all who have tended such mothers, she said, with a face beaming with joy, and grasping me with a hand firm and fast—"Will you tell your mother that my father found the promise sure in death, 'I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.'"

To sum up my visit to Putney—I think the great lessons I learned were the honour and blessing resting on those who found such charities, and the sustaining grace needed to be patient under such suffering. What was my delight to find that the wards had over their doorways all sorts of names and all sorts of memorial tablets—many of the rich and great in England considering this their best way of commemorating the loved and lost. Oh for many such memorial stones in Scotland!

Meantime, let all the women of Scotland engrave on their memories the words of Florence Nightingale in her beautiful letter, and let this be a summer bright in the annals of many lives—as that in which, with willing hands and ready minds, they worked diligently to carry out the great and noble aims which we have in view. While I was in Putney, three carriages arrived with visitors, and the matron told me that in the summer the front is a ring of carriages, the ladies from the neighbourhood making it their duty and



pleasure to visit the patients, read to them, sing and play to them, and in every conceivable way lighten their load. May the spirit of these English ladies be emulated by our Scottish ladies.

#### THE BRITISH HOME FOR INCURABLES, CLAPHAM.

Whilst there are in London countless Homes and Hospitals for the reception of persons suffering from incurable maladies, this is the only other Home specially intended for incurables. I quote a few sentences from a printed statement which will better describe the special object of this Home than any words of mine :—

“The British Home for Incurables was instituted in 1861, to assist in supplying an important and acknowledged want among the great Charities with which the Metropolis abounds. Until a recent date no institution for the reception of the incurable existed in England ; whilst it has been clearly ascertained that the number of persons who annually die of incurable disease in the United Kingdom amounts to about two hundred thousand.

“Among these there must necessarily be many who claim the strongest sympathy of the benevolent. There are those who are able to procure for themselves all the aid and all the alleviation of which their cases admit ; but there are also very many who—with failing health and strength, and the slow and insidious approach of incurable disease, and its frequent accompaniment of racking pain—have gradually fallen from the comforts and enjoyments of affluence to the utmost destitution and want. No person can read the simple narrative of the distressing cases brought forward from time to time without feeling the deepest commiseration ; and it is to relieve this deep and crying misery that the aid of the charitable is now most earnestly solicited.

“There are thousands among the Middle Classes who, having formerly lived in comfort and respectability, have been reduced by incurable disease to the most distressing poverty, and who are altogether deprived of the means of procuring medical aid, and those necessities which their suffering condition demands. Such cases, when known,

plead more eloquently in their behalf than any laboured address, and constitute of themselves the most touching appeal to our benevolence. Without hope—often without the power of performing the most ordinary offices for themselves—amidst days of wretchedness and nights of agonising pain, these sad sufferers are in truth a burden to their friends, who frequently are almost as helpless and poor as themselves. For these the Institution provides the best Medical attendance, good nursing, and all the comforts of a *Home for Life*; and it rests its claims for the aid of the benevolent, on the urgent necessity of the applicants, taken from almost every grade of society among the educated classes who are seeking its benefits. For such, however, as are fit objects for *Parochial Relief* this Institution is *not* intended.”

As all my visits were made with a view to improve the condition of the Homes for sufferers in Scotland, I would say that the special object of this Home was and still is to enable those who have seen better days to spend their remaining years in peace and comfort, and, as it were, within a family circle.

No class of the community commend themselves more to my sympathy than those of our fellow-creatures who in the midst of their burdens find that the crowd with which they must mingle is an aggravation of their already sad lot.

In the Cottage Homes to be built two will be for those of both sexes who are thus situated. The small neat parlours in Clapham, with their little groups of ladies, and the other neat rooms with a few men reading and resting, gave me the idea of what Broomhill will be when we get such Cottage Homes. I hope that my readers will help me to raise such Cottage Homes.

### BROOMHILL HOME.

It would be unfair to pass from the subject of Incurable Homes and ignore the munificent provision which the liberality of the people of Glasgow and the West has made already, and which is so capable of extension and

increase in every way. Broomhill, the mansion house of a Glasgow merchant, with 80 acres of ground, forms at present a quiet resting-place for 60 poor sufferers from various incurable maladies. On reflection it will be seen that a dwelling-house turned into a Home must of necessity crowd together persons of all ages, and of different positions in society, and, most serious result of all, excludes many diseases such as cancer, consumption, and epilepsy, all of which would require separate blocks or Homes. In response to an appeal widely circulated and kindly responded to by ladies in and around Glasgow, £2500 stands at the credit of a New Wing account. Now I have arranged a plan for the erection of two plain wings which will each cost when completed about £3,000; and when these are given by the public many poor people will be taken in, the children will have a place for themselves, and the centre building will become sitting-rooms for the various classes of sufferers sleeping in the wings. The one kitchen, the one laundry, the hydraulic hoist, and all other appliances will serve for all.

As to further extension, I hope by the Bazaar to realise a large sum, and as the various diseases are sacred to various minds, opportunity will be given to the community to contribute in money or by gifts to the various blocks or Homes, such as the Consumptive Home, the Cancer Home, the Epileptic Home, and the Children's Homes. I will not ask the Board to erect any Homes till we see our way to their partial endowment, as it would not be wise to increase the annual outlay till some source of revenue is secured. But for this also I have a scheme to propose afterwards, so that all I at present urge is diligent preparation for the Bazaar. Throughout the summer let my readers and their friends be diligent with their fingers—earnest in their efforts in their various circles, and above all remember the cause in prayer.

## BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.

Although reports as such are sometimes very uninteresting, the facts regarding this great charity of London are so

well stated in its own Report that I begin by a quotation which will interest all readers :—

“ There is scarcely a disease of any severity which does not find ready admission into the wards of our General Hospitals, and many complaints of comparatively rare occurrence and trifling importance have institutions especially devoted to their treatment ; but Consumption, the most frequent and destructive malady in existence, finds the doors of our Hospitals generally closed against it.

“ The plea on which the consumptive patient is refused admission into other institutions is, the lingering nature and almost certain fatality of his disease. But these very peculiarities give him the strongest claims on our sympathy. When the poor man falls ill, the very sources of his subsistence are dried up ; acute diseases impoverish and embarrass him, but chronic diseases ruin him ; those who are dependent upon his exertions share his destitution, and are prevented from earning their own livelihood by the necessity of administering to his wants.

“ To provide him with a temporary asylum ; to surround him with the comforts of which he stands so much in need ; to insure him relief from the sufferings entailed by his disease ; to enable those who depend upon him to earn their own subsistence ; and to afford him spiritual consolation at a period when the mind is perhaps best prepared to receive with benefit the Divine truths of religion, are the great objects of this Hospital.

“ But though the original object contemplated in its establishment was to form an asylum to the consumptive patient, it was by no means the only one. By bringing a large number of such patients under the same roof, an opportunity is now afforded of more carefully studying the nature of this destructive malady ; and assuredly there is good ground for hope that He who has given man much power over nature, who has provided him, in the works of his own hands, with many powerful and effective remedies, and has so often crowned his well-directed efforts towards the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-creatures with success, may vouchsafe to guide him to some means by which



this, his greatest scourge, may be stripped of its terrors. This at least it will be safe to affirm, as in keeping with the experience of the Hospital up to the present time, that if medical science be ever destined to achieve the great triumph of removing this fatal malady, or to effect the humbler good of arresting its progress with *certainly*, the hour of such improvements must surely be hastened by the establishment of an institution which affords ample means for deep and sustained investigation of the disease.

“Of these 15,000 cases, about three-fourths occur in males, of whom a large proportion are working men, unable to provide for themselves and families, and uniting in their own persons every conceivable claim to sympathy and assistance. It may be well to add, that many—very many—of these poor sufferers are the acknowledged victims of unventilated workshops, overcrowded barracks, ill-constructed dwellings, vitiated atmosphere, long hours of work, and the want of open places for exercise and recreation; so that they may fairly claim from their richer brethren, not sympathy only, but favourable consideration for the ills which their circumstances compel them to endure.

“To all who have either felt the power of the destroyer, or who have reason to fear his attack—and what family throughout the country has not had sad experience of his presence?—an earnest appeal is now made, in the full assurance that those who give their support to this Institution will combine a work of much usefulness with one of great benevolence and mercy, and aid in furthering as many important objects as are found united in any charitable institution.”

Few things that I discovered in my journey more delighted my heart than the facts which I learned at Margate and at Brompton, Bournemouth, and Ventnor respectively—that scrofula and consumption are in their earlier stages curable, that at least the frame afflicted by them can be repaired and fitted for life's battle, and that even those who are sick unto death are made more comfortable in such institutions than they ever would be in their own homes.

The galleries or long lobbies at Brompton will long live in my memory as I think of the many sufferers to whom I spoke there. I made them glad by purchasing their work, and shall be happy to order more for any stall-holders who may desire specially to aid us for our Consumptive Home. Countless incidents could be told of the women and men I saw sinking there—sailors, who had seen God's wonders in the deep ; life-guardsmen, who had been in many engagements ; servants, male and female, whose former employers come to soothe their dying pillows ; dressmakers and needlewomen, whose very life went in providing the attire which, when purchased in the great cities, never suggested to our thoughts the wasting lives of the workers.

I shall mention two very remarkable provisions made by God for this Hospital. At one time when the funds were very low, and the Board were at their wits end, God sent deliverance in a most wonderful way. An old penurious lady, who had come as an out-patient, to get cheap advice, died in her lonely room in one of the back streets of London. I know not how the Lord had given consumption a very tender corner in her heart. Perhaps she had watched a dying mother, or tended one on whom her future hopes rested and around whom her heart's tendrils twined as ivy does on the old church tower. Whether either of these had been her experiences I cannot tell ; but this I know was true that in her old piano drawer was found a will, making over £100,000 to the Brompton Hospital, and the whole of her pictures and belongings.

I do hope that some such generous souls will be found to do the same for Broomhill, with this difference, that they will do it while they live, and die in the enjoyment of that greatest of all earthly rewards—"the blessing of him who is ready to perish."

This interposition of Providence gave the funds ; but funds are nothing without a loving hand to administer the blessings which they confer. There are things which silver and gold cannot buy—the love and tender care of woman in the hour of need. This also was provided for Brompton. In a quiet manse far away in Ross-shire a

good minister entered into his rest. The widow and family experienced the usual sorrows of leaving the manse and all the other sad trials of the fatherless. As these are sacred, I do not speak of them now. My only object is to show that, when work is to be done for God, He can not only send men to all nations, but bring instruments from all quarters. Sitting in the solitude of her fatherless home, a daughter of the manse read Florence Nightingale's celebrated story of "Una and the Lion." Fired by that paper, the minister's daughter left her quiet home, came to St. Thomas Hospital, was trained at the Nightingale Home there, and after much experience in another Hospital as matron, is the much loved and respected head of the Brompton Consumptive Hospital.

One other thing made a lasting impression on my mind in connection with Brompton. A large Hospital, with an immense extension going on, stands in the midst of the handsome squares and houses of the greatest citizens of London. I was much delighted to find that as the Hospital was first built and the terraces and squares after, the people who inhabit these houses are the kind visitors, the welcome friends, at the sick man's couch.

In our land we have this lesson to learn, that as God made all flesh, and provided for them the sea and the dry land, no part of the coast—no sunny retreat of the island—no balmy breezes of the south or bracing winds of the north—were provided specially for one class, but the old commandment stands, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

## ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT.

As the details of this Hospital will doubtless interest all my readers, I give them first as quotations, and then as impressions made on the visitor. The report states:—

"Consumption is the most prevalent and fatal of the maladies to which our fellow-countrymen are subject. According to the latest return of the Registrar-General for the year 1878, 53,856 deaths occurred in England and

Wales from phthisis, being in proportion of about one death in every ten from all other diseases, and one in every five deaths among adults, and at the rate of 2·134 per 1000 persons living ; and, in addition, 60,742 deaths occurred from bronchitis.

“ Although consumption is the most frequent and mortal of affections, less has been done to provide for the necessities and alleviate the sufferings of those labouring under it than from any other disease. Owing to their protracted nature and the consequent expense entailed, *cases of consumption are to a large extent excluded from the general hospitals ;* while the Institutions which at present exist for their reception do not only fall far short of the actual requirements, but *they are designed upon the principle of large buildings and wards ; and some of them are placed in wrong situations—namely, in the vitiated air of towns and cities, instead of on the South Coast.*

“ For these reasons, and in accordance with the plan and prospectus first put forth by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall (with whom the project of erecting the Hospital at Ventnor originated, and by whose unceasing efforts it has to a large extent been realized) and with the approval of some of the most distinguished physicians and of the medical press, the Hospital is erected upon *the separate principle*, that is, each patient is supplied with a separate bedroom. Thus the patients are distributed through a series of sixteen houses, situated in a locality well sheltered from unfavourable winds, the houses being designed in harmony with the surrounding scenery, constructed upon the most approved sanitary principles, and surrounded by gardens. In these houses the patients enjoy the advantages of large sitting and *separate sleeping rooms*, of a lovely landscape and sea view, of plenty of light and sea air, of effective ventilation and good drainage, and, as far as possible, of a regulated temperature. *They, moreover, experience all the comforts and conveniences of home, in place of being congregated in wards in one large building, and subject in consequence to many depressing and injurious influences.*

“ The Hospital comprises sixteen houses in eight blocks



(each house furnishing Hospital accommodation for at least six patients), and a chapel and large kitchen in the centre ; the whole being connected by a spacious subway.

"All the sixteen houses are now completed, and the Hospital affords accommodation for upwards of 100 men and women patients ; 3,000 in-patients have already received the benefits of the Institution, the majority of whom have been enabled to resume their occupation after leaving the Institution.

"Most of the houses have been erected by the aid of private munificence, and they all form so many separate and complete Hospitals ; each house bears a distinct name, usually that of the donor or some relative, whose name is associated therewith 'in memoriam.'

"The following is a complete list of the houses erected :—

"The PRINCESS LOUISE HOSPITAL, after H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who laid the foundation stone of this house on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen.

"The EVERSLEY HOSPITAL, after the first president.

"The FREDERICK HENRY LEAF HOSPITAL, after the donor.

"The JOHN BUCKLE HOSPITAL, after the donor.

"The LADY MARTINS HOSPITAL (two houses), by wish of the donor, Sir William Martins.

"The ELIZABETH GRANVILLE HOSPITAL, by desire of the donor.

"The WILLIAM LEAF HOSPITAL, after the donor.

"The RIMINGTON HOSPITAL, after the donor.

"The MARY ANN LEICESTER HOSPITAL, after the donor.

"The JOHN MINTON COURTAULD HOSPITAL, after the donor.

"The SAMUEL COURTAULD HOSPITAL, after the donor.

"The WILLIAM JAMES and ESTHER THOMSON HOSPITAL, 'in memoriam.'

"The MAYER AMSCHEL DE ROTHSCHILD HOSPITAL 'in memoriam.'

"The LADY AGNES BYNG HOSPITAL, by desire of the donor, the Right Hon. the Earl of Stafford.

"The CHARLES STUART HOSPITAL, 'in memoriam,' by his brother Officers of the Oriental Bank Corporation.

"A large hall has also been erected at the west of the Hospital, for lectures, concerts, &c., for the amusement and entertainment of the patients.

"Although the original design has now been completed, it is found from the practical working of the Institution that two other houses, or Subsidiary Hospitals, are urgently needed, one for men and the other for women who are either waiting their turns for admission into the Hospital proper, or in whose cases a long residence is desirable. These two houses will, like the others, if desired, bear the names of the benevolent donors, to whom special privileges of admission of patients will be granted."

The grand idea here is the settling of these poor sufferers in families: each house or block is complete in itself. As the underground subway connects all the Homes with one kitchen, the food is prepared for the whole sixteen houses by one cook and assistants. Smell is kept away from hearts sensitive from weakness, and expense greatly curtailed.

It is this idea that I trust to see carried out at Broomhill. The staff at present in the kitchen will work all the blocks or homes. Meantime I do hope that, as £5000 will build an entire block, some dear heart may be moved to erect this best of all monuments to the dead. How glad I shall be to find that even sorrowful friends have joined in commemorating departed friends by giving the weary a resting place by the way.

A hall for worship is provided at Ventnor, as at all the Homes I visited; and as the hall is for worship, I hope to make the erection of a hall a special effort of the children of Scotland, so that the worship of God in the Homes may ever remind the sufferers of little loving hands who, from their effort or self-denial, raised this monument of their sympathy with human sorrow. Another point making this suitable children's work is that there will be no annual income needed for the hall. The bread that

endureth will be its provision, and the prayers offered there will be effectual, if fervent, and will bring down showers of blessing on the whole institution. I trust that all mothers, teachers of schools (Sabbath and day), will commend the hall to the attention of the young. I am preparing a table at the bazaar for the children's offerings to the hall. Donations in money or in kind even now will greatly encourage me. Another table will be of equal interest, and will also aid the hall fund. It will be called the "In Memoriam Table." A dear mother has given me £10 for this already, and I am sure many who have dear ones singing above will aid me to erect a quiet, neat hall, where the weary may sing praises, and hear of the rest that remaineth. I have already received a window from a widowed friend for this sanctuary, in memoriam of her husband. I may add that the hall will also serve the purpose of a place where the patients may meet to be addressed or entertained.

### LONDON CITY MISSION SEASIDE HOME.

Before passing from the Isle of Wight to cross to Bournemouth, I visited the very interesting and merciful Home provided at Ventnor for the city missionaries. This is another proof of the great power of well digested thoughts, when framed by an able pen and turned in a practical direction. Years ago the Rev. P. B. Power wrote a little paper called "Repairing and keeping in repair London City Missionaries." The result of this seed-corn cast into the soil of human hearts, was the presentation of a series of small dwellings to the missionaries, where these good labourers in the Master's vineyard are repaired and fitted for further duty.

Any one interested in this scheme will do well to write to G. W. May, Esq., 3 Bridewell Lane, London City Mission House, 3 Bridewell Place, London, E.C., and get the story of Truffle and Nephews. It will tell the tale.

I insert a letter from a City Missionary to the Directors, sent at their request, to prove the good results of the Home.

At present we have the services of the Glasgow Missionaries both at Dunoon and Broomhill, and I am quite sure that if any kind heart is moved to provide a Home for such of the brethren as are feeble, an arrangement could be made with either Board for a site for a small Home. Nothing will delight me more than to arrange for such a dwelling.

*"To the Secretary of the London City Mission.*

*"ISLINGTON, August 18th, 1879.*

"DEAR SIR,—It will be five weeks to-morrow since my return from my first sick leave, which was made enjoyable partly through the aid you were able to afford me from the Seaside Home Fund.

"I have been nine years in the service of the London City Mission, nine happy years filled with very many pleasant memories, great kindness from those over me in the Lord, and, if you will permit me, I will include you in that number. Not only has all been harmonious at headquarters, but I have been fortunate in having most considerate Local Superintendents.

"I have, as you know, had but one change of district, and I believe that, before my illness, in endeavouring by all means to save men, I had been working up to a pressure beyond that which I ought. I did not at first think so, but fought the idea as long as I could, and it was not until at the persistent persuasion of my friends, that I consulted our Divisional Surgeon, a gentleman who has always been most kind to my family. When I did go to him, I was in an exceedingly low mental state; evidently my brain had been overworked. I received no medicine, but a note to carry to our Secretary, who I believe consulted with you, and I was sent off to recreate myself.

"The first two weeks of this, my first sick leave, does not appear to be at all real to me; all seems like a dream, or a scene a long distance off. I could believe it to have been years since I left home for the holiday, and the spending of the first part of it.



"I shall never forget my awaking from this state. I was walking one day from Ryde to Ventnor, and had passed through Sandown, and had reached the cliffs, no doubt well known to yourself, on the top of which is a path leading to Shanklin. A veil seemed suddenly to lift from my mind and to bring me back to myself. So glad was I that I had a good race for about a mile across the beautiful fields I have mentioned. The return of tone was rapid, and in another fortnight I was home again at work.

"Yours obediently,

"W. C.

"The Secretary of the Sea-side Home."

315 Missionaries (of whom 96 were invalids) and 166 wives have been received at the Home, and 198 Missionaries were enabled last summer, in lieu of the ordinary yearly stay at Ventnor, either to visit their friends or to spend their allotted holiday in some country place of their own selection.

## THE NATIONAL SANATORIUM, BOURNEMOUTH.

My recollections of Bournemouth are, and ever will be, sacred. Many years ago I visited it with great pleasure, and well remember the deep impressions made by my visit to the Sanatorium. Returning this year, I found changes, as we ever must in all human things. The Sanatorium is one oblong building of two stories in height, the corridors or lobbies forming the good, long, airy sitting-rooms, while off these there are comfortable bed-rooms and day-rooms, where in little groups I found dear, youthful countenances getting the emaciated wasted look which too often precedes dissolution. None were in bed; as here, as at the other Homes, it is the cure, or at least the alleviation of consumption that is sought.

Finding the kind lady superintendent, Miss Gravely, very much interested in and extremely kind to the patients, I

proposed that the sufferers should send some of their needlework for our bazaar. After my giving the order for the payment of their goods, what was my surprise and delight to find that so much had this little commission cheered their hearts that out of their shortened means, by pence and small sums, they were making up a little contribution for me, to aid the Broomhill Home. I greatly value this money, and it will form the first money given to our consumptive block or Cottage Home. Indeed, I think it will be well to turn it into Bibles for that special Home.

In former years they had at Bournemouth accommodation for persons in a higher sphere who had experienced adversity. The accommodation for such being needed for the Sanatorium, this is done away with, but in the Broomhill arrangements I am anxious that a special department be provided for such.

At Bournemouth there are other two Homes of special interest—the Herbert Home and the Firs. The Herbert Home is a series of one-storey buildings, where, as the supplementary sum paid by the patient is only 1s. weekly, sufferers unable to give much are enabled to feel that they are paying a little. Should any friends desire to commemorate the great of the earth, I am certain there is no better monument than a repetition for Scotland of such institutions as the memorial to Lord Herbert. There is a touching sentence of Holy Scripture which ever comes into my mind when I think of Bournemouth.\* The last time I was there the good curate had got a chapel erected, calling it St. Luke's, and he had also got a Cottage Home for the dying, who, as he expressed it to me, but for this "must have gone to die in the slums of London." Since that bright summer morning, when I went with Mr. Wadlow to see his dying patients, he has entered into his rest, but his "works do follow" him, and now the Firs is the most interesting home in Bournemouth. In their report the managers state:—

"The good work done by the Firs Home during the ten years it has now been in existence, is sufficiently well known.

\* "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

“It seldom if ever occurs that any of the inmates belong to Bournemouth or its neighbourhood. Attracted hither from all parts of the country in search of health, to those overtaken by severe illness the shelter afforded by the Firs Home is a boon too great for words.”

This blessed haven of rest for the dying and the St. Catherine's Home at Ventnor were to me spots of deepest interest. As I state in the preface, the dying are generally hurried out of our Hospitals and Homes to keep down the death rate. In these quiet retreats they are tended and cared for by the angel spirits of earth, till the company of the heavenly host come by Divine command to meet them on the other side.

It will interest the readers of this paper to know that while I do not aim at a Home specially for the dying, I have quiet sick-rooms arranged in the plan which will serve the same purpose, and there I trust that long after we who now labour have left this world many dear souls will hear from loving lips promises of dying grace, and many will find them an entrance into life—the doorway to eternal rest.

## NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR THE EPILEPTIC.

This Hospital to be fully appreciated must be visited, there are so many hallowed memories associated with it.

Two ladies finding that their dying mother required so many mercies when ill, thought of the thousands so afflicted who had few or no alleviations. They determined to get some resting place for such, and as money gained by industry is of most value, they made shell and wax flowers till they realized £100. Taking this sum to the Lord Mayor of the time, he assisted them to carry out their project. A little Epileptic Hospital was arranged, and as one of the sisters passed away before the charity was opened, the other sister and her brother erected a memorial window in the Home to their departed dear one. In the one side you see the ladies at work making their flowers, in the other the

fruit of their labours, and some poor sufferers arriving at this pool of Bethesda. Years passed on, and the surviving sister saw this good work developed into a large and national blessing. When the time came that she also was to rest from labour, the brother immortalized her name not by wreaths of flowers, or garlands of things that perish in the tomb, but by putting an additional house to the Hospital in which ladies afflicted with paralysis may find all the comforts of a quiet home. As I passed through that house and saw all the beautiful cabinets and other neat things marked *In Memoriam*, I thought of the many elaborate stones in the churchyard which only tell of the death of one and the wealth of another in procuring a monument, and I did pray and ever will that the hearts of dear survivors of the dead may learn a more excellent way, and erect Homes, or wards in Homes, which will benefit the living and wisely commemorate the dear and dead.

Will any one who reads these lines send help to me for an Epileptic Home to be built at Broomhill ?

I have been told that the epileptics, and all so afflicted, should be put in asylums ; but I was delighted to find from the kind and experienced matron at Queen's Square, that this is not the case, and that an Epileptic Home or a place for persons suffering from fits may even be made self-supporting. Between the attacks, they are able to do various kinds of work, and if we get a home or block for such at Broomhill, much of the work, such as the laundry, and even the sewing, for all the other homes, may be done by these poor sufferers.

There are countless parents in our land crying this day in the bitterness of their soul, " Sir, come down ere my child die." Can this cry be allowed longer to go up to heaven and no one say, " Lord, enable me to do thy work ; and if I cannot, like thee, say, ' Come out, thou unclean spirit,' I will yet try so to comfort, so to mitigate the sorrows of these possessed ones, that they will yet live to tell their friends what great things the Lord hath done, and hath had compassion upon them."



## THE CANCER HOSPITAL—THE WESTMINSTER WARD.

Before passing to the all-important topic of Convalescent Homes, I must explain what I saw done in London for this terrible malady. At Brompton there is an immense hospital specially devoted to this disease, with a company of sufferers from all corners of the globe. So great is my dread of witnessing what is harrowing to the feelings, that it was with much fear I visited the Cancer Hospital. What I saw there in the form of suffering, I spare your feelings from portraying. Three things only I will notice. I found there poor sufferers with little children left behind, and other trials of a domestic nature very aggravating to their present sufferings. One poor woman in particular moved me to tenderest pity. She said, with a look of anguish I can never forget, "The doctor told me yesterday my case is hopeless; Is it not sad, mem?" and then arriving at a climax in her anguish, she said, "And that's not all: my first-born at home is forty, and has been all her life an idiot, and oh! what will she do?" Reader, there are many such in our land; till we get a home for them, they have no refuge. Will you not work diligently in these long summer days, that the poor cancer patients may come in?

Another thing I noticed was the great blessing of an hospital or home specially for this trouble, as compared with either a ward or a room in Putney, or other Incurable Homes. The applicants were all treated for the disease; and, being all lepers, they could not feel the least repugnance at their fellow-sufferers—terrible thought!—but it is so, that even here and now there comes the time when with our dearest we "refrain from embracing."

A third lesson I learned there was that one touch of sympathy makes the whole world kin. Two ladies were there, and came in gladly and constantly to read and sing, and cheer these poor sufferers. One, an American, was sitting in a group of afflicted men reading to them, and they were looking at her as if an angel had come direct

from the Home where sorrow never enters. What peculiar agency of Providence had interested her in this disease I know not. Perhaps, beyond the rolling waves of the Atlantic, she had some precious mound of earth that covered from her gaze, but could not efface from her memory, the countenance of a mother, or the form of a lover, that had been marred by disease. Whatever brought her, she is doing God's work in Brompton, and I did, from my inmost soul, say, "Oh that in my own land there may be found many such!" Another lady with a sweet bright face also came in to read, and I saw the wonderful ways of God when the matron said, "Her husband died of it." That was the deep, deep wound—the sad, vacant corner in her heart—the blank and void in the world, that nothing human could fill, and which is only filled by the being to others a ministering spirit, and being able to "comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves have been comforted of God."

### CONVALESCENT HOMES.

It may seem strange that one who has so long been interested in convalescent sufferers should allow this pamphlet to get so far on and make no mention of them. I need not say that this is not from indifference, but from the desire to arrange the paper so that parties interested in special diseases may easily see the passage of the little book that will interest them most.

The benefits conferred on sufferers by the existence of Convalescent Homes are such that I do not intend to dwell upon them. The necessity of the existence of such Homes is now admitted by everybody. The Dunoon Homes have been very popular since they were first opened. The number seeking admission was so great that the Directors were compelled some years ago to add a wing to the original building. A proportion of the funds of the bazaar will be devoted to the extinction of the debt resting on the Homes because of this extension.

Meantime I shall describe several Homes of a convalescent character in England, and hope thus to prove that by individual effort, and by the combination of men who have this world's goods, greater things may yet be achieved, and to show that the working man in his time of need is not forgotten by those who are enjoying comforts procured for them by "the sweat of his brow."

## BRIGHTON CONVALESCENT HOMES.

At Brighton there is a great variety of Convalescent Homes—some for children from the London hospitals, some for ladies in reduced circumstances, and Miss Marsh's Convalescent Home. All these homes are very useful; but I left Brighton convinced that to effect great good a large central home and an influential board have more weight with subscribers, and achieve greater things for sufferers than any individual effort ever can.

## BOGNOR CONVALESCENT HOMES.

At Bognor I spent a pleasant and profitable day with two members of the Merchant Tailors' Company, who have done a good work there by the establishing of a Home for men and a series of Homes for ladies. Women of the working classes were the only persons for whom no provision was made and I cannot doubt that in due time the Merchant Company will repair this missing link in their chain of charity.

The Home for the men, fifty in number, is the property of the company. The gentlemen meet each Tuesday for considering and passing down suitable cases. It was a splendid sight at the Merchants' Halls, to see the poor, feeble sufferers waiting to get their free admission and railway tickets. Mr. Costican, the chairman, kindly invited me to spend a day with himself and Mrs. Costican at the

Home. That excellent couple devote their Easter holiday to the home, and make others glad by their presence. Sir James Tyler has most generously presented the Homes for ladies and also a chapel and organ.

We have many merchant princes like Sir James Tyler. Should one such be moved to present Dunoon with Homes for ladies, I am sure of two results:—1st and chiefly, Many blighted, withered lives revived—many sad hearts gladdened; and 2nd, A welcome present of ground from the Board of Management.

### WALTON ON THE THAMES.

A third Convalescent Home was Walton on the Thames. This is an immense establishment. I think 200 are at all times received there.

I found that the Directors are so desirous to make the subscriptions meet the entire outlay, that the plainness of the living exceeds anything I saw in the other Homes of England.

Of course, that subscribers should feel that their £1 accomplishes great things is a very good aim; but when on this point, I may say that the Scotch warm hearts of the public have been so helpful to me in providing comforts for the sick, that while admiring the numbers taken in at Walton, I came home determined to take a twofold view of our own charities.

On the one hand I am resolved to examine into all domestic details, to economise in the purchase, but not the quality, of food, and to see that in the staff and all other points there be no waste; but, on the other hand, ever to remember the words—"Be ye therefore merciful, even as your Father which is in Heaven is merciful."



## MARGATE SEA-BATHING INFIRMARY.

At this Infirmary I found what was to me great cause of joy and thanksgiving. Here scrofula, in all its forms, and in all its stages, is treated successfully. Prevention is at all times better than cure, and if my readers realise the countless diseases that spring from enfeebled frames, they will not wonder that I desire for Scotland what I would call a Home for open wounds to be treated and healed. Causes to which I need not allude make all such refused at the Convalescent Homes. Poor food, hard work, thin clothing, and other causes make these weakly children struggle on till we find them dying in early life in Hospitals, or seeking entrance to an Incurable Home. This is such an important Hospital, that it should have been at the beginning and not at the close of my paper.

Should any generous man find that his heart is drawn toward such cases I will tell him all particulars as to the locality to be chosen, and other needful precautions. I cast this ark of bulrushes on the Nile of human sympathy.

May some princess too among women to whom God has given, in addition to wealth, a tender, loving heart, hear the cry of the countless children who every year pass away by this terrible malady, and taking them to her bosom, and procuring for them a home, and food, and raiment, save numerous lives, and glorify her God and Saviour.

My paper is already too long, and yet my mind revels in the delightful theme. I hope soon to make an appeal to the working-classes, as it will need the co-operation of all ranks—both sexes—and all kind and willing hands to accomplish my aim. Long before it is attained the heart that devises it may cease to beat, but when these eyes no longer behold scenes of sorrow, but rest instead on the celestial glories of the better country,

I hope that one portion of my song of praise will be, that by witnessing human sorrow in England, I have in some measure aided in its mitigation in our own beloved Scotland.

Asking your co-operation, and, above all, your prayers,

I am, dear Friends and Readers,

Yours with esteem,

BEATRICE CLUGSTON.

## SUGGESTIONS REGARDING THE FORMATION OF LOCAL OR DISTRICT COMMITTEES.

THE amount sought to be raised by means of the Bazaar is so large that the co-operation of all towns in the West of Scotland and of all classes of the population will be necessary to render the scheme successful. The Executive Committee would accordingly submit to all those interested in works of philanthropy the following suggestions regarding the formation of Local or District Bazaar Committees.

The Executive Committee suggest that in large towns the Local Districts should be the same as the Municipal Wards, and that towns with a population of 20,000 and under should have only one Committee. Several districts may combine to have a single table.

1. A committee of gentlemen shall be formed within each District to be called the Gentlemen's District Committee.
2. This Committee shall appoint a Convener who shall summon and preside at their meetings. They shall also appoint a Secretary.
3. The Committee shall communicate, either through their Convener or Secretary, or through a sub-committee of their number, with the clergymen of their district asking them to procure the consent of four ladies from each of their respective congregations to act as receivers of work for the Bazaar.
4. The four ladies from each congregation shall appoint one of their number to act as a member of a committee to be called the Ladies' District Committee. The Ladies' District Committee shall appoint a Convener and Secretary from their number.
5. The Ladies' District Committee in conjunction with the Gentlemen's District Committee shall make the necessary arrangements for the sale of the work at the Bazaar by appointing certain ladies to preside at the Local Stall.
6. The lady receivers of work shall be expected to put themselves in communication with all persons in their congregations who are willing to assist in this enterprise.
7. The Delegates from congregations to the Ladies' District Committee shall be expected to submit, to their Committee, within two months after their appointment, a provisional report on the work accomplished within their congregations.
8. The lady receivers are requested to receive any of the articles named in the subjoined list, or any others which they may deem suitable.

Articles may be forwarded to MISS CLUGSTON'S ROOM, Stores of MESSRS. MORRISON, DICK, & M'CULLOCH, 44 Renfrew Street, Glasgow. They should be marked on the outside with the name of the Local District from which they come as well as with the name and address of the sender.

9. The Ladies' and Gentlemen's District Committees shall be expected to communicate with the Executive Committee and to furnish a report when asked for regarding the work they have done. All communications to be addressed to W. T. M'AUSLANE, Esq., 68 Bath Street, Glasgow, the Corresponding Secretary.
10. The names of the Secretaries of the Gentlemen's and Ladies' District Committees should be intimated at once to the Corresponding Secretary.

Copies of Miss Clugston's pamphlet will be forwarded to the Secretaries of the Ladies' and Gentlemen's District Committees.

#### PRIVATE TABLES.

In addition to the District Tables, there will be, as formerly, private tables presided over by ladies who are willing to undertake the responsibility of a stall. Miss Clugston has already received intimation that several such tables have been arranged for, and she will be glad to hear from any ladies who may desire to have a private stall. Communications on this subject to be addressed to Northwood, Lenzie.

#### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF GENERAL DONATIONS.

Articles of <i>Vertu</i>	Models of Engines, &c.
Books—Baskets—Brushes	Napery for all classes
Clothing—Combs	Oils for the Hair
Dining-Room and Drawing-Room Plenishing	Pomades—Perfumery
Easy Chairs	Quilts for Beds
Fancy Work—Feathers—Flowers, Real and Artificial	Rosewood Furniture and Ornaments
Games for Amusement	Soaps—Scents—Sewing Machines—Silver Plate, &c.
Handiwork of all sorts	Toilet Sets in China
Ivory Ornaments—Ironmongery, both Useful and Ornamental	Tobacco, in Cigars and Boxes
Japanned Household Articles	Trimnings and Tapes
Knitted Goods of all sorts	Umbrellas—Underclothing—Useful Articles of all kinds
Linen in the Web and made into Underclothing	Worsted Work—Wearing Apparel
	Sundries

#### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF EATABLES.

Apples, American and Scotch	Lobsters—Lemons
Butter—Biscuits—Barley	Meats—Preserved in Pots
Cheese—Corn Flour—Cakes—Confectionary of all sorts	Nuts
Deer—Dates—Dried Fruits	Oysters—Onions—Oranges
Eggs	Pickles—Prunes—Plums—Pears
Fruits—Flour—Fowls	Quinces
Game—Grapes—Garden Produce	Rabbits—Raisins—Rusks
Hams—Herring, in Barrels	Sugar—Salmon—Sweetmeats
Iced Cakes	Teas—Tongues—Tamarinds—Toffey
Jams—Jars of Preserves	Useful Groceries
Ketchup	Vinegars
	Walnuts





